

T--l--nd's Invitation to *DISMAL*, to Dine with the CALVES-HEAD Club.

Imitated from Horace, Epist. 5. Lib. 1.

IF, dearest *DISMAL*, you for once can dine
Upon a single Dish, and Tavern Wine,
T-----l-----nd to you this Invitation sends,
To eat the *CALVES-HEAD* with your trusty Friends;
Suspend a while your vain ambitious Hopes,
Leave hunting after Bribes, forget your Tropes:
To Morrow We our *Mystick Feast* prepare,
Where Thou, our latest *Profelyte*, shalt share:
When We, by proper Signs and Symbols tell,
How, by *Brave Hands*, the Royal *TRAYTOR* fell;
The Meat shall represent the *TYRANT'S* Head,
The Wine, his Blood, our *Predecessors* shed:
Whilst an *alluding* Hymn some Artist sings,
We toast Confusion to the Race of Kings:
At Monarchy we nobly shew our Spight,
And talk *what Fools call Treason* all the Night.
Who by Disgraces or ill Fortune sunk,
Feels not his Soul enliven'd when he's Drunk?
Wine can clear up G--d--lph--n's cloudy Face,
And fill J--ck Sm---th with Hopes to keep his Place;
By Force of Wine ev'n Sc--rb--r--w is Brave,
Hal-- grows more Pert, and S--mm--rs not so Grave:
Wine can give P--rt--d Wit, and Cl--v--nd Sense,
M--t--g--e Learning, B--lt--n Eloquence:
Ch---ly, when drunk, can never lose his Wand,
And L--nt--n then imagines he has Land.
My Province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and Linen clean, and Pewter bright;
From our *Mysterious Club* to keep out Spies,
And *Tories* (dress'd like Waiters) in Disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at Table next the Men you love.
S---nd---d, Or---rd, B-----l, and R---ch--d's Grace
Will come; and H---mp---n shall have W---p---l's Place;
Wh---n, unless prevented by a Whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is Room for more:
But I love Elbow-room when'er I drink,
And honest *Harry* is too apt to stink.
Let no Pretence of Bus'ness make you stay,
Yet take one Word of Counsel by the Way:
If Gu---rn---y calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll tease you with King *Charles* and Bishop *Laud*,
Or make you fast, and carry you to Prayers:
But if he will break in, and walk up Stairs,
Steal by the Back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order *Squash* to call a Hackney Chair.

January, 29.

Si potes archaïcis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cenare times olus omne patella:
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

Mitte leves spes, & certamina divitiarum,
Et Moschi causam: Cras nato Cæsare festus
Dat veniam somnumque dies: impune licebit.
Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.

Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit;
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit inermem:
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Contracta quem non in pauperate solutum?
Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non & cantharus & lanx
Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dicta foras eliminat: ut coeat par
Jungaturque pari, Brutum tibi Septimiumque;
Et nisi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, assumam, locus est & pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ
Tu quotus esse velis rescribe: & rebus omnis,
Atria servantem postico falle clientem.